



No. 44



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

OCT.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢

15¢ in Canada



BOB KANE

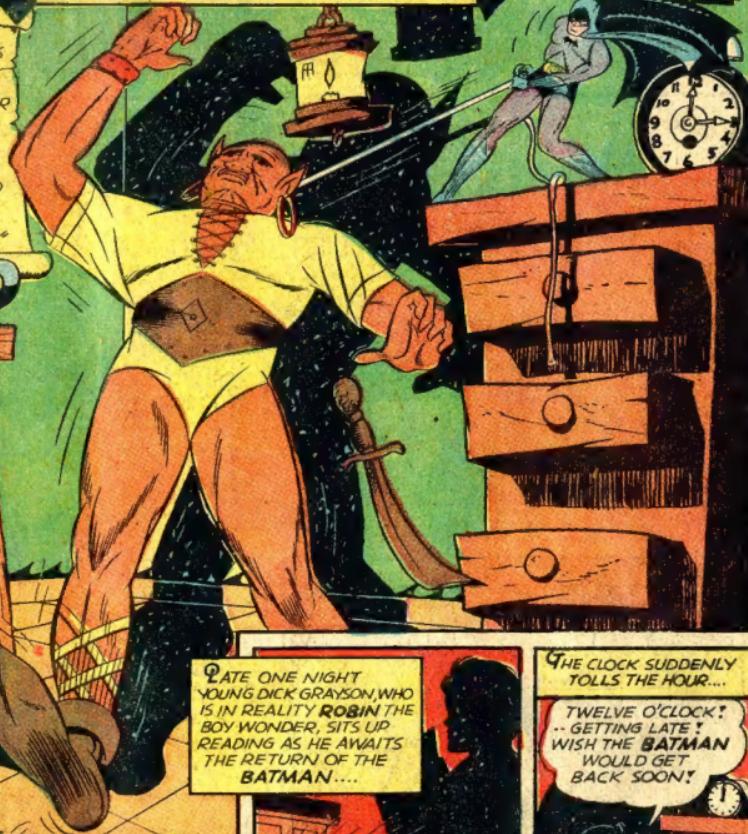


# BATMAN

WITH  
*Robin*  
THE BOY WONDER

BOB KANE

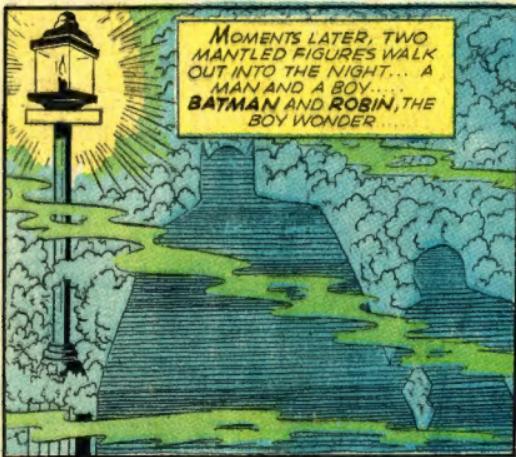
FANTASTIC ADVENTURE  
IN THE ALIEN WORLD THIS  
IS WHAT AWAITS THE  
BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE  
BOY WONDER, AS THEY ENTER  
THE STRANGEST LAND  
THAT MAN COULD EVER  
DREAM OF ... A LAND OF  
BIG AND SMALL ... A  
LAND SO BIZARRE AS TO  
BE BEYOND BELIEF ...  
THIS WAS "THE LAND  
BEHIND THE LIGHT"!

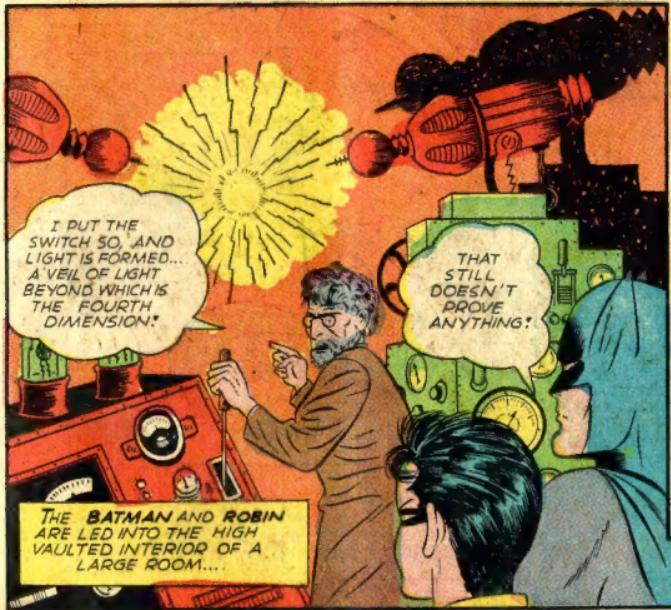


ONE NIGHT  
YOUNG DICK GRAYSON, WHO  
IS IN REALITY ROBIN THE  
BOY WONDER, SITS UP  
READING AS HE AWAITs  
THE RETURN OF THE  
BATMAN...

THE CLOCK SUDDENLY  
TOLLS THE HOUR...

TWELVE O'CLOCK!  
... GETTING LATE!  
WISH THE BATMAN  
WOULD GET  
BACK SOON!







**THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE CARRIED INTO A CITY OF TOWERING DWELLINGS.**

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE PEOPLE! DO YOU THINK WE SHRANK OR SOMETHING?!

LOOK! GORL, THE OFFICIAL HUNTER TO THE KING! HE HAS CAPTURED TWO OF THE SMALL ONES!"

"NO! WE'RE THE SAME! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN A WORLD OF GIANTS!"

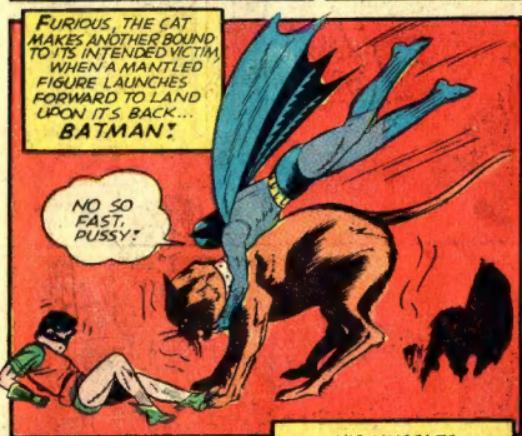
**THE GIANT CARRIES THEM INTO A HIGH TOWER AND THRUSTS THEM INTO A DUNGEON!**

I DON'T THINK YOU WILL ESCAPE FROM HERE SO EASILY! HA HA! NOR FROM YOUR DEATH, EITHER! HA, HA HA!



TYING THE END OF HIS SILKEN ROPE TO THE BATARANG, THE BATMAN MAKES A DESPERATE CAST FOR FREEDOM!

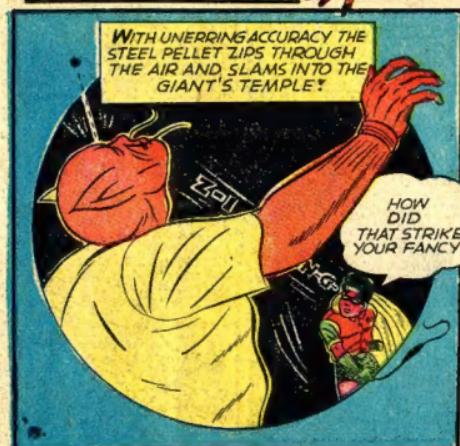
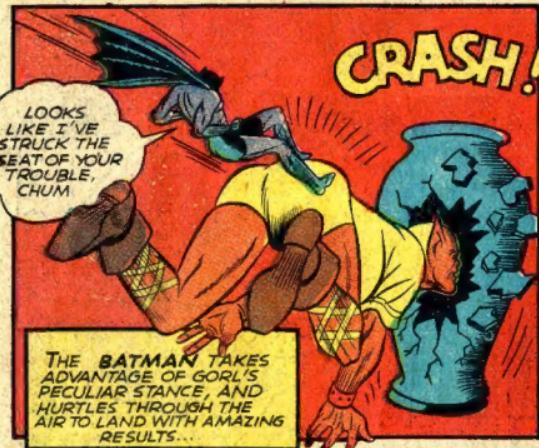


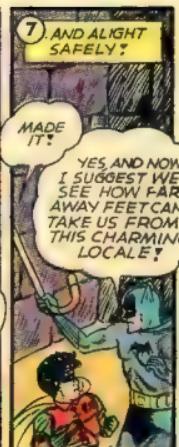


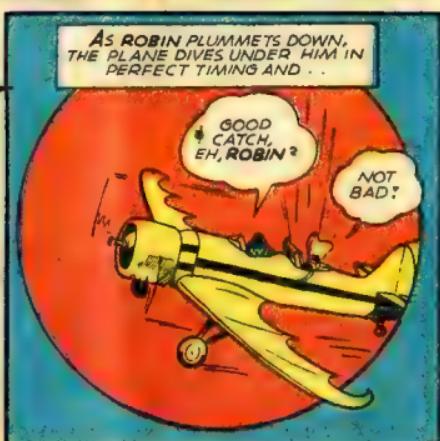
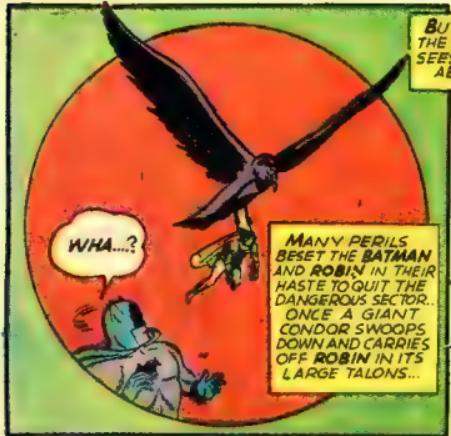


WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS THE BATMAN PICKS UP A SHAKER OF PEPPER AND....

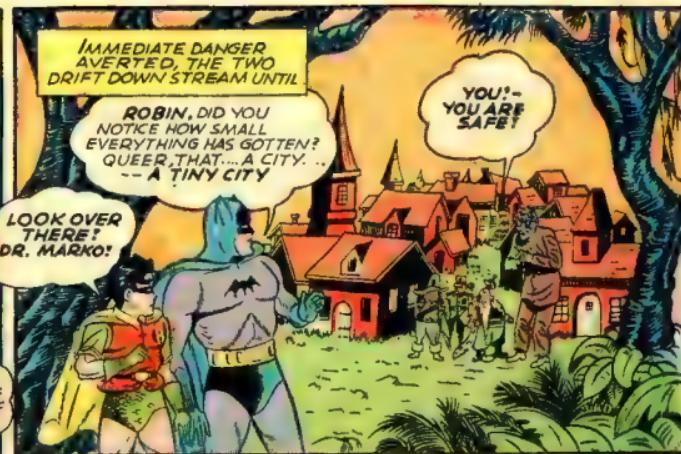








HELLING WITH PAIN AS  
THE FORK PIERCES HIS EYE,  
THE BEAST TURNS TAIL.....



DR. MARKO EXPLAINS

SO YOU ESCAPED TO THESE PEOPLE WHEN YOU SAW US CARRIED OFF BY THE GIANT?

YES! THESE ARE GOOD PEOPLE. THIS IS THE LAND OF THE "SMALL ONES"!!

SIMLL IS RIGHT!

QUEER, ISN'T IT? BY SOME FREAK OF NATURE THIS WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO A LAND OF GIANTS AND MIDGETS!

THEY'RE JUST LIKE SMALL, HAPPY CHILDREN!



I WONDER... I WONDER? I THINK I HAVE A PLAN THAT MAY WORK... AT LEAST I HOPE SO.... LISTEN...

THE NEXT DAY THE TINY DWELLINGS SHAKE AS WITH EARTH-TREMBLING STEPS THE GIANTS STRIDE INTO VIEW!





SUDDENLY A SQUADRON OF TINY PLANES APPEAR AND TOSS OBJECTS THAT HIT THE GROUND AND BURST OPEN BEES, HORNETS, GNATS, MOSQUITOES EMERGE AND DESCEND IN A SWARM UPON THE VAST AREAS OF SKIN SO BRAZENLY EXPOSED BY THE GIANTS.

IT WORKED! YOUR PLAN OF PUTTING THOSE INSECTS IN BAGS THAT BURST WHEN THEY HIT THE GROUND WORKED!

AS MORE INSECTS SWARM TOWARDS THEM, THE GIANTS SUDDENLY LOSE THEIR TASTE FOR BATTLE AND FLEE IN MORTAL TERROR....



BUT ONE GIANT DOES NOT FLEE, FOR HE SUDDENLY SPIES FOR ROBIN... GORL?

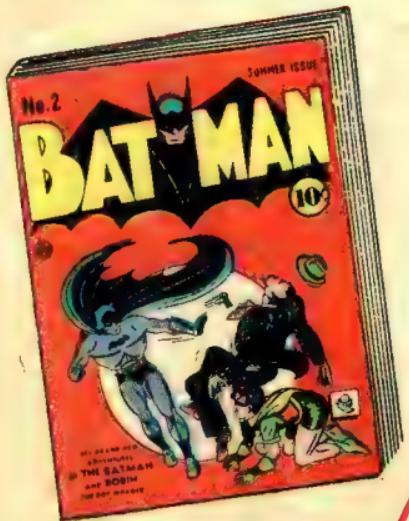


WITH GIANT STRIDES HE COMES NEARER... NEARER... EVER CLOSING THE GAP... NEARER, UNTIL...



NEXT MONTH BACK TO REALITY... THE REALITY OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER IN THEIR CEASELESS FIGHT AGAINST Crime IN A NEWBREATH-taking Adventure

# GET YOUR COPY TODAY!



The **SECOND ISSUE** of  
*Brand New* exploits of  
**THE BATMAN**  
**AND ROBIN**  
The Boy Wonder!

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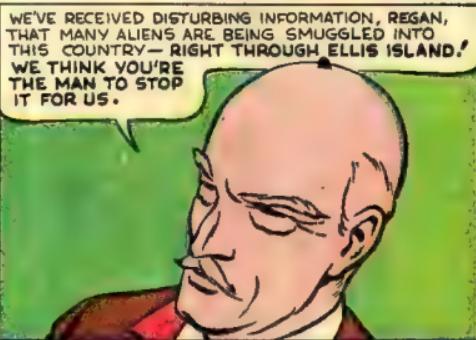
# SPY

by JERRY SIEGEL

BART REGAN,  
MEET MR. HOMER  
WINSLOW, HEAD OF  
THE IMMIGRATION  
SERVICE.



BART REGAN, ACE UNCOVER SLEUTH OF THE UNITED STATES COUNTER-ESPIONAGE DIVISION, IS CALLED INTO THE CHIEF'S OFFICE —



THAT'S RIGHT, BART. SO YOU'RE BEING LOANED TO THE IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT. YOU'LL GO BACK TO NEW YORK WITH MR. WINSLOW.

FINE!  
LET'S GO



AND SO NEXT MORNING, IN ACCORDANCE WITH BART'S PLAN —

BEING HERE AS AN ENGLISHMAN WON'T REQUIRE ANY DIALECT.

WELL, I'M READY IF YOU ARE. LET'S GO.



BART FEIGNS AN ATTACK ON WINSLOW!

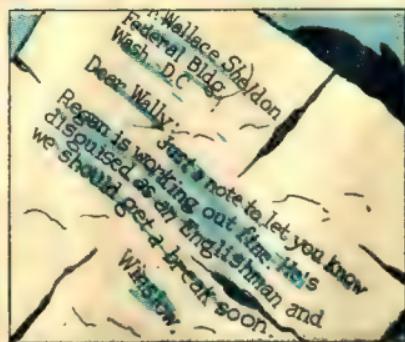
HELP!  
HELP!

THAT CERTAINLY SOUNDS REAL.









THEN THAT GUY I PUT THRU  
WAS A "G" MAN! I'VE GOT  
TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE  
THE CHIEF FINDS OUT--!!

THE TRUCK CARRYING THE  
ALIENS STOPS BEFORE A HUGE  
WAREHOUSE—

ALL RIGHT.  
ALL OF YOU OUT.  
THIS IS WHERE  
YOU MEET THE  
CHIEF.

I DEMAND—  
SHUT UP!  
HERE'S THE CHIEF.



I'VE KEPT MY WORD TO YOU SO FAR.  
YOU ARE IN THIS COUNTRY. NOW, I'LL  
SEE THAT YOU GET JOBS — AND  
REMEMBER, YOUR ORDERS COME  
FROM ME. IS THAT CLEAR?

YES.



THE CAPTAIN SAYS  
THIS ONE DON'T BELONG.  
HE Bribed JENKINS.

I AIN'T UP TO  
NOTHING PHONY,  
MISTER! I PAID  
TO GET INTO  
THIS COUNTRY.

WE  
HAVE NO  
EVIDENCE OF  
THAT, AND  
TAKE YOUR  
HAT OFF  
BEFORE—



THE GUARD SWEEPS BART'S CAP OFF!

HEY, CHIEF.—HE'S  
GOT SOME PHONY  
COLORING IN HIS  
HAIR!

GRAB HIM! THAT'S  
BART REGAN OF THE  
COUNTER-ESPIONAGE  
DIVISION!



BART IS OVERPOWERED!!

THAT TAKES CARE OFF  
HIM, CHIEF. WHAT NOW?

SEE THAT HE  
MEETS WITH  
AN ACCIDENT!!



THE UNCONSCIOUS BART IS PLACED IN A CAR—

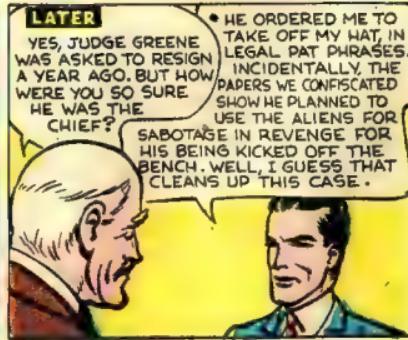
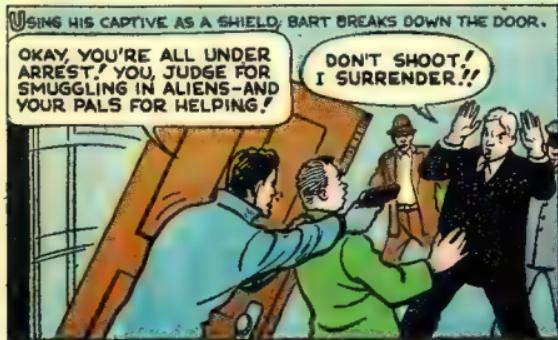
YOU'LL NEVER  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED!!



AS THE CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE WATER'S EDGE!

THAT'LL TAKE CARE  
OF YOU, SPY!







**IT'S FUN! IT'S A FROLIC!**  
... and Good Eating, Too!

Everybody.. Boys .. Girls .. Dads .. Mothers ..  
Enter the Curtiss Candy Company

# TREASURE HUNT! No. 2



**BABY RUTH..FAVORITE  
CANDY OF MILLIONS**

A center of velvety-smooth操作  
cream, bathed in delicious, golden car-  
amel with an abundance of crisp, fresh-  
toasted peanuts, enrobed in a thick coating  
of finest blended, pure milk chocolate...  
a big taste thrill any time... anywhere!

NOW..A NEWER, LARGER, FINER BUTTERFINGER!

Have you tried a delicious BUTTERFINGER lately? It's  
larger and more luscious than ever with chewy golden caramel,  
added to its wholesome honeycombed peanut butter center, all  
enrobed in rich Curtiss Supreme coating. Try it! You'll like it!

## SIMPLE RULES

- With not over 25 additional words complete one of the two sentences referred to, telling us why you like BABY RUTH or BUTTERFINGER CANDY BARS. Use one side of paper only. Print or write your name and address plainly.
- You can make as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by one 5c BABY RUTH wrapper AND one 5c BUTTERFINGER wrapper (or facsimiles).
- Mail entries, with proper postage, to TREASURE HUNT No. 2, Curtiss Candy Company, 622 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- TREASURE HUNT No. 2 closes at midnight, Oct. 8, 1940. Entries bearing a later postmark will be disqualified.
- Decision of judges will be final. Originality and appropriateness of thought and neatness will be judged, but fancy entries will avail nothing extra. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. No entries returned. Entries, ideas and contents become the property of Curtiss Candy Company.
- Winners will be notified and receive their checks by mail as soon as possible after conclusion of contest.
- Any boy, girl, man or woman, who is a resident of the United States, with the exception of employees of the Curtiss Candy Company, may compete.

**It's Easy . . . Just complete ONE of these two sentences  
in 25 additional words or less:**

- "I like BABY RUTH CANDY because....."
- "I like BUTTERFINGER CANDY because....."

Choose  
one of two  
only

Boys.. Girls .. Dads .. Mothers .. Everybody .. Curtiss Candy Company wants to know why you like our two delicious Candy Bars ... BABY RUTH and BUTTERFINGER.

So, we're starting this TREASURE HUNT No. 2, for all of you . . . and it's as simple and easy to enter as A B C. Read the rules carefully in the adjoining column. Then go to your nearest candy counter today and get the two wrappers you require . . . one from a 5c BABY RUTH, the other from a 5c BUTTERFINGER, and mail them to us, TREASURE HUNT No. 2, with your entry. If your retailer doesn't happen to have BOTH bars, insist that he get them for you or try another retailer until you find them both . . . that's where the TREASURE HUNT comes in.

There are 53 cash prizes in all, starting with the \$25.00 capital prize alone. Think of the things you could do with \$25.00... or \$15.00... or \$10.00, or with one of the \$1.00 prizes!

So, get your two wrappers . . . BABY RUTH and BUTTERFINGER . . . NOW! Choose the bar you want to write about. Figure out why you enjoy it so much. Then mail your entry TODAY. Treasure Hunt No. 2 closes October 8, 1940. You have as good a chance to WIN as anyone.

CURTISS CANDIES  
ARE RICH IN DEXTROSE  
THE SUGAR YOUR  
BODY USES  
DIRECTLY FOR  
ENERGY



**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY TREASURE HUNT No. 2**  
622 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD... ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

# LARRY STEELE

by *Ken Ernst*

YOU'VE GOT TO  
HELP ME, STEELE!  
THESE THREATENING  
LETTERS HAVE BEEN  
COMING TO ME  
DAY AFTER DAY!

AND YOU SAY  
ATTEMPTS HAVE  
ACTUALLY BEEN  
MADE AGAINST  
YOUR LIFE?



I WOULDN'T MIND KILLING THE OLD DEVIL,  
STEELE... I'LL ADMIT THAT... BUT I'VE  
NEVER MADE ANY ATTEMPT!



THERE IS A CRASH OF GLASS AND A BULLET  
FROM A SILENCED PISTOL PENETRATES A  
WINDOW!



THAT  
WINDOW!



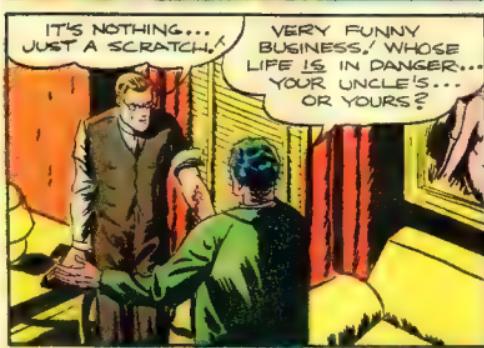
THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDOW  
STEELE SEES A DIM FIGURE DISAPPEARING  
INTO THE NIGHT!

NO GOOD!  
HE'S TOO FAR  
AWAY!



IT'S NOTHING...  
JUST A SCRATCH!

VERY FUNNY  
BUSINESS. WHOSE  
LIFE IS IN DANGER...  
YOUR UNCLE'S...  
OR YOURS?



BETTER CALL  
A DOCTOR TO TAKE  
A LOOK AT THAT! -  
AND NOW I WANT  
TO GET TO YOUR  
UNCLE'S PLACE...  
IN A HURRY!



RIGHT! SEE  
YOU LATER...  
I HOPE!

YOU AND  
I BOTH!  
SO LONG!



STEELE DRIVES ACROSS THE CITY AT  
BREAKNECK SPEED!



H'MN - NOBODY  
AT HOME, EH?  
LET'S SEE...

AND TRYING THE DOOR, STEELE FINDS  
IT UNLOCKED!

THE GUY FEARS  
FOR HIS LIFE, YET  
HE DOESN'T BOTHER  
TO KEEP HIS DOOR  
LOCKED!

HELLO!  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

VONEY, APPARENTLY, AND HIS FACE  
BLOWN TO BITS BY A HALF-DOZEN SHOTS AT CLOSE RANGE!

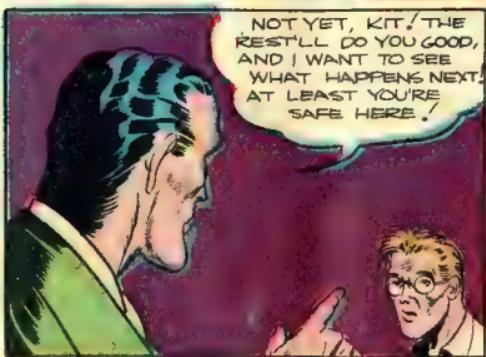
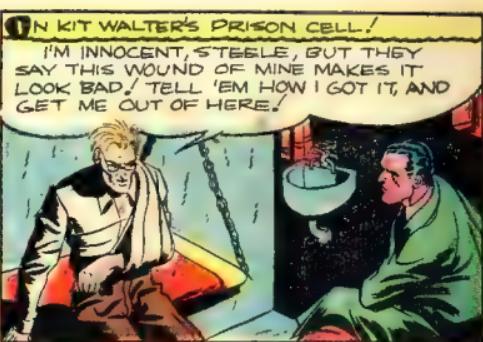
HEADQUARTERS? THIS IS A CASE FOR  
YOU BOYS, I GUESS! YES, MURDER!...  
CHARLES VONEY! NO, I WON'T STICK  
AROUND... YOU FELLOWS ARE  
FUNNY ABOUT FINDING  
PEOPLE WITH DEAD  
GUYS ON THEIR  
HANDS!

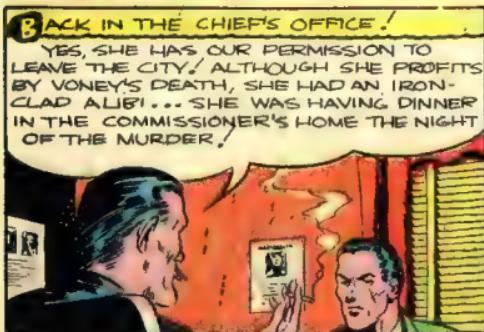
Q UICKLY AND SILENTLY STEELE SLIPS  
AWAY FROM VONEY'S APARTMENT!

I WONDER...  
I WONDER...

T HE MORNING PAPERS CARRY THE NEWS  
OF THE MURDER!

DAILY  
**NEPHEW HELD  
IN KILLING!!**  
HELL'S AT TIDE  
FOR QUESTIONING  
BULLET WASH  
IN LATE NEWS  
MURK OF "TOMMY"  
MADE BY  
GIBSON







# THE CRIMSON AVENGER







THANK GOODNESS I'M SAVED! THAT HORRIBLE BEAST WAS GOING TO KILL ME!

WELL, HE'LL KILL NO MORE! FIRST, I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A DOSE OF THE GAS GUN TO KEEP HIM QUIET AND THEN I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE!

BUT BEFORE THE CRIMSON CAN PRESS THE TRIGGER!

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

HEY!! OH!!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A COZY LITTLE DUNGEON, ALL RIGHT — BUT MAYBE THERE'S A WAY OUT!



EEEK!

WHAT TH-!





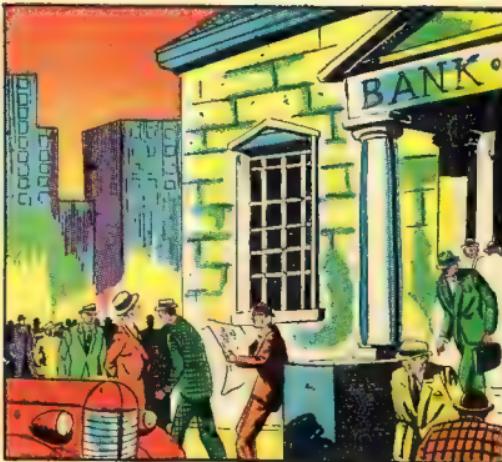


# SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR

BY FRAN MILLER

AT THE MIDTOWN BANK  
DURING THE NOONHOUR...

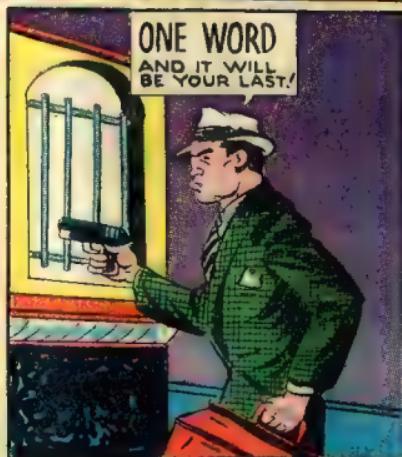


A BAND OF DARING ROBBERS ENTERS THE BANK...

GET UP  
AGAINST  
THE WALL!  
DON'T MOVE  
AN INCH!



ONE WORD  
AND IT WILL  
BE YOUR LAST!



THE THIEVES MAKE  
GOOD THEIR GETAWAY...

HURRY!  
THERE'S A  
DICK COMING  
THIS WAY!



THIS WILL  
TAKE CARE  
OF THE

DIRTY COPPER!



THE PLAINCLOTHESMAN  
FALLS, RIDDLED WITH BULLETS..





**GET HIM!**  
WE OUT-NUMBER HIM!

**DON'T MOVE**



**SPEED SHOOTS OUT THE LIGHT**



**SPEED STARTS THE FIGHT...**



NOT KNOWING WHOM THEY ARE HITTING - THE MEN FIGHT IN DARKNESS!



AND WHEN SPEED OPENS THE DOOR —



YOU'RE ALL COMING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! I THINK THE CHIEF WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

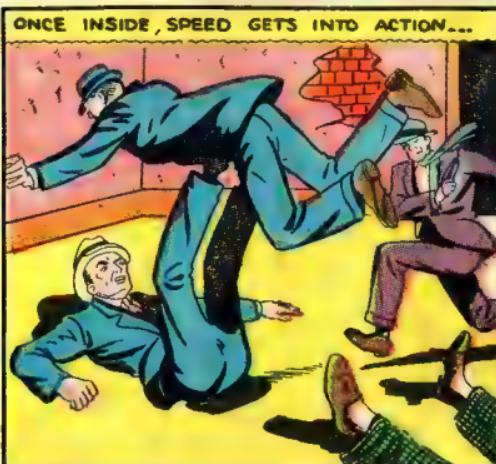


NOT MUCH FARTHER TO GO!  
POLICE STATION IS IN THE BLOCK!



WHO ARE THEY, SPEED?





WHAT A GUY!  
SURE CAN  
FIGHT!

DAZED FROM A GUN-BUTT ON HIS  
HEAD, SPEED STILL FIGHTS ON!  
CHICK! HE-ELP!  
THAT'S THE  
GUY I WANT  
TO SEE!  
CHICK DOAN!

YOU WON'T FIGHT  
NO MORE,  
COPPER!

WE GOTTA GET  
OUTTA HERE! IF  
ONE COP KNOWS  
WE'RE HERE -  
THEY ALL DO!

LET'S GET  
OVER TO  
NICKY!  
HE'LL KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!

WAIT A MOMENT!  
THAT COP WOULDN'T  
BE HERE UNLESS  
ONE OF THE GANG  
SQUEELED!  
MAYBE THEY GOT  
NICKY, TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT!  
LET'S GET THE  
NEWS BROADCAST!

SPEED SAUNDERS, BY  
BRILLIANT DETECTIVE  
AND HE-MAN WORK,  
JUST CAPTURED TEN  
OF THE NICKY NORVAK  
GANG! HE HOPES TO  
BRING IN THE REST  
OF THE BANK  
ROBBERS TODAY!

MAKE A FOOL OUTTA  
US! THAT'S THE LAST  
THING SAUNDERS WILL  
EVER DO!

I'LL DRILL HIM COLD!





# DEATH OF A STAR

By Sean McDougal

**E**NID TEMPLE was dead in her dressing room. There was a bruise on her left cheek, but a bullet through the heart—fired from a small calibre gun—had killed her.

As Simmons, the company manager who had called the police, started to turn off the small radio in the room, Detective Larry Starr stopped him. "Don't touch anything until the medical examiner gets here," he warned. He spoke to Miss Temple's maid, who was crying in the corner.

"Just what happened?" he asked. "Why should anyone want to kill her? And where were you when this happened?"

The maid raised a tearful face. Simmons spoke up. "She was looking for me. The lights had gone out in Miss Temple's dressing room. I had an electrician fix them. A fuse blew out."

"Let her talk," Larry directed. "How about it? Anyone have a reason?"

The maid's face was tear-stained. "I don't know. Unless it was that man who called her last night. She was mighty upset, hearing from her husband like that."

"Her husband?" Simmons' voice was excited. To Larry he said: "The girl must be mistaken. Why, a glamor girl like Temple wouldn't dare get married! There was too much at stake, and she was crazy about a career!"

The maid raised a white face. "I'm not mistaken," she said. "I never knew she was married. But last night she told me. She had been separated from him for two years, but he was always watching her. She was afraid of him and she said she was getting a secret divorce. But he found out."

"Did she mention his name?" Larry snapped.

The maid started crying hysterically again. "No. But I heard her say something about being left. I couldn't understand very well."

"Left?" Larry's voice was puzzled. "I wonder what she meant by that?"

"Probably Myra, here, misunderstood," Simmons cut in again, patiently. "Her nerves are all shaken." He brought out a pencil and pad from his pocket. "Here,



Myra," he said, scribbling something. "Get a sedative from the drugstore. It'll quiet your nerves." He looked at Larry, who nodded. The maid, whimpering, went out.

Larry walked over to the radio, turned it off. "I can't stand this swing stuff," he said, picking up a paper. The page contained the radio listings.

Simmons laughed. "Neither can I. Classical music is my hobby. I've got some nice records in the office. Care to see them?"

"Eh?" Larry's answer was abstracted. His eyes caught a light pencil check on the radio listings. Enid Temple, too, had been a lover of classical music, the indication showed. "No, not now. Maybe later." He started. "Say, how about her part in the show? The house is crowded, isn't it?"

"Yes." Simmons was glum. "I hope they'll like her understudy. She's on now. I'd better get out and see how she's doing. I'll be in my office if you want me."

Larry waited until the stage manager had gone out. Then he, bent down and examined the bruise on the girl's chin. Satisfied, he got to his feet and went outside. There, he found the electrician who had fixed the fuse. The man went downstairs with him.

Everything was in perfect order. They were starting upstairs when the electrician's light fell on a matchbox. Larry picked it up. "Yours?"

"Nope." Larry looked at the cover. It advertised the Beethoven Studios. He knew the place. Musicians and music lovers lived in its roomy apartments. Idly, he opened the match box and what he observed caused his heart to beat faster. "Let's go," he said. "I think something's going to happen soon."

He left the electrician and went to Simmons' office. The company manager was sipping ginger ale and listening to a record. "What's up?" he smiled as Larry came in. "Find your murderer?"

Larry looked at him evenly. "I think so," he said. He nodded as Simmons interrupted to ask if he would like some ginger ale. His back was to Larry as the detective continued.

"The murder was committed by a left-handed man," Larry said. "And the man was Temple's husband."

Simmons turned half-way around. His face was wreathed in smiles. "You sound like a Conan Doyle detective," he said. "How could anyone get in here, during a matinee, and kill the star?"

Larry's face was grim. "The murderer was in here all the time," he said slowly. "As you well know—!"

Simmons face went white. His hand darted to the small bar, came away with a tiny automatic. "You'll never pin that—!" he shouted.



Larry's gun barked. Simmons' shattered left hand dropped the automatic. He was cringing in pain as Larry stepped over to him. "You're under arrest for murdering your wife, Simmons," he said. "Want to confess, or will I tell what I know?"

Simmons' eyes were bright with madness. "Yes, I killed her," he snarled. "She knew she'd get it if she tried to get rid of me." Then he smiled craftily. "But you'll still have to prove it. I didn't sign anything."

Larry grinned, brought out the matches. "You signed your death warrant when you dropped these,

## WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

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Simmons. Myra, the maid, didn't realize that the murderer, calling on Temple, was named Lefty. I deduced that when I saw you give her a note written left-handed. Another thing, you knew she loved music and would listen in to the symphony today. The noise of the radio drowned out your shot and her screams when you hit her."

Larry opened the match box. "And always remember, Simmons, if you escape the chair—which you won't—that a right handed man takes his matches from the right side! While a left handed man does just the opposite!"

THE END

# Steve MALONE

DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY

BY  
Don Lynch

IN A LARGE  
CITY HOSPITAL  
AT MIDNIGHT

YOUR PATIENT  
IS READY,  
DOCTOR.

GOOD! THAT'S  
DETECTIVE  
DONNELLY.  
ISN'T IT?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S WORKING  
ON THE DRUG-SMUGGLING  
CASE, ISN'T HE?

I GUESS  
SO. HOW  
SHOULD  
I KNOW?

A ROUTINE CASE OF  
APPENDICITIS...

THE OPERATION PROCEEDS  
REGULARLY...

HE'S TAKING THE  
ETHER WELL, !  
DOCTOR!

HE'LL  
RECOVER!  
ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL  
OPERATION TO YOUR  
CREDIT, DOCTOR!

HIS PULSE IS  
LOW! I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND IT!

BUT THE NIGHT NURSE FINDS  
SOMETHING WRONG WITH  
THE DETECTIVE.

DOCTOR BRAND, OPERATED  
LAST EVENING. I CAN'T  
FATHOM THIS! BRAND IS  
A GOOD SURGEON, TOO!

IN THE MORNING THE  
PATIENT IS DEAD!

DETECTIVE  
DONNELLY  
JUST DIED,  
SIR!

WHAT? HE JUST  
HAD AN APPENDECT-  
OMY DONE! BRAND  
OPERATED! WHAT'S  
WRONG?

LESS THAN A MILE AWAY IN  
THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY STEVE MALONE

I DON'T KNOW. I'M GOING DOWN  
TO THE HOSPITAL.  
DONNELLY  
ALWAYS WAS  
GOOD AND/  
HEALTHY.



PUPILS DILATED! FROTH AT THE  
MOUTH! THIS LOOKS LIKE DEATH  
FROM PRUSSIC ACID!

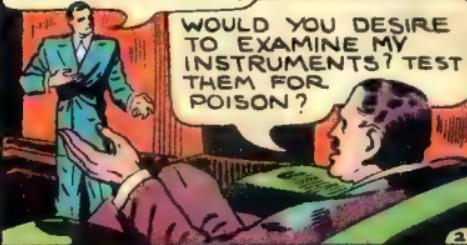


BUT HOW COULD  
HE BE POISONED  
IN A HOSPITAL?

PERHAPS HE  
WAS POISONED  
BEFORE HE  
CAME HERE!



PRUSSIC ACID TAKES AT THE MOST-  
TWENTY MINUTES! HE WAS IN THE  
HOSPITAL A GOOD HOUR BEFORE  
YOU OPERATED!



THESE INSTRUMENTS REMAINED HERE OVER NIGHT. I DO NOT THINK THEY HAVE BEEN CLEANED SINCE I OPERATED!

GOOD! WELL KNOW IN A MINUTE!

THERE ARE NO ACID SIGNS ON THE SCALPELS! THAT LETS YOU OUT, DOCTOR. PARDON MY SUSPICIONS

THE TESTS ARE MADE DIRECTLY-

WHY NOT EXAMINE THE NURSE WHO ADMINISTERED ETHER? SHE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU

HMM. MAYBE!

CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO NURSE MORGAN? END OF THE HALL-ROOM IS

DROP THAT!

OH!

I SAID DROP IT!

BITTER ALMONDS! THAT PROVES IT!

PROVES WHAT!

DETECTIVE DONNELLY DIED FROM PRUSSIC ACID POISONING IN THIS HOSPITAL. PRUSSIC ACID SMELLS LIKE BITTER ALMONDS. YOU KILLED HIM DURING THE OPERATION.

OH!  
OH!



SURROUND THE BUILDING,  
BOYS! DON'T LET ANYONE  
LEAVE!



I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. BRAND!  
I'M THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

YES, SIR!  
RIGHT  
AWAY, SIR!



I CAME TO LOOK OVER  
YOUR PLANT, MR BRAND!  
I'M MALONE.

OF COURSE.  
STEP THIS  
WAY...



WE TAKE PRIDE IN MANUFACTURING  
ONLY THE BEST.

WHAT ABOUT  
YOUR ETHER  
INHALERS?  
I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THEM!



STEVE PRETENDS AN INTEREST  
IN THE SURGICAL EQUIPMENT...

THIS  
WAY-

I DON'T BELIEVE  
YOU! I WANT  
TO GO THIS  
WAY!



NOT WHILE I'M  
AROUND YOU!  
DON'T- OW!

JUST WHAT I  
WANTED TO  
DISCOVER- IF  
YOU WERE IN  
ON TAE /  
KNOW!



NOW I WANT TO SEE THOSE  
INHALERS! THE ONES WITH  
PRUSSIC ACID IN THEM!

YOU- YOU  
WIN,  
MALONE!



NEVER MIND THAT DOOR,  
MALONE!

DOCTOR BRAND!  
I HAD AN  
IDEA. YOUD  
SHOW UP!

ONCE AGAIN THE D.A.  
IS INTERRUPTED....

YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT—

NOT YET!  
I HAVEN'T!

THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET!



YES!  
SIR!

WATCH THESE RATS,  
BOYS! I'M DOING A  
LITTLE SLEUTHING...



HE MUST HAVE BEEN  
EXPECTING A LOT  
OF ENEMIES TO KILL !



THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF NARCOTICS IN THIS SAFE!  
NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T WANT ME IN THIS ROOM!



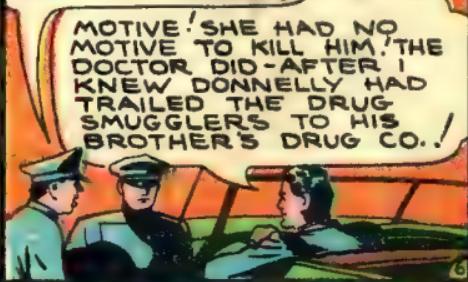
CHARGE DOCTOR BRAND WITH MURDER. HE SUBSTITUTED HIS ACID-FILLED INHALER FOR THE REGULAR ONE, KNOWING THAT THE FUMES WOULD KILL DONNELLY, WHO WAS ABOUT TO TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE FOR SMUGGLING DRUGS!



CHARGE HIS BROTHER WITH SMUGGLING DRUGS, TOO. THEY HAD A NICE RACKET- THE DOCTOR SELLING THE DRUGS, AND A DRUG COMPANY GETTING THEM BY VIRTUE OF BUSINESS!



HOW'D YOU SUSPECT HIM AND NOT THE NURSE ?



# Monthly Book Review

## "THE GOLD BUG" by Edgar Allan Poe

"Read a good book every month"

WILLIAM LEGRAND went to live on an island off the coast of South Carolina with his negro servant Jupiter and his Newfoundland dog. He spent most of his time hunting for rare shells and insects to add to his collection.

Legrand's physician and friend lived in South Carolina. One chilly night the doctor went to visit Legrand on the island. He was glad to find the hut warmed by a blazing fire, and sat down to wait for his host.

Soon Legrand returned, his servant Jupiter at his heels, and announced the discovery of a curious bug of brilliant gold color. Legrand had loaned the bug to a Lieutenant at Fort Coultrie, on the island, and could not show it to the doctor. Anxious to show him the shape and strange markings of the gold bug, he made a drawing of it and handed it to the doctor, who was seated near the fire.

The doctor remarked that it didn't look like a bug—it looked like a *death's head!* Legrand snatched back the drawing. He stared in amazement. On one side of the paper was the bug he had drawn. On the other side had suddenly appeared a skull!

Legrand thought back to where he had found the paper. A few hours before, at the north end of the island, he had picked up the gold bug. It bit him, and

he quickly put it down again. Looking around for something to pick the bug up, he noticed a piece of parchment on the ground and used it. Later, he had put it in his pocket and pulled it out again to make a drawing of the gold bug for his friend! *Where had this parchment come from?*

The doctor took his leave the same night, and it was a month before he heard from Legrand again. Then one day Jupiter appeared, reporting that his master was behaving strangely, and bearing a message for the doctor to come at once.

Jupiter rowed the doctor out to the island in his boat, muttering constantly about the gold bug.

When the doctor saw Legrand, he spoke about all he thought about, was gan to fear for his friend's sanity. All he the gold bug.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he said.

Legrand was pale as a ghost. His eyes were enormous with excitement and lack of sleep.

The doctor tried to make him get to bed but Legrand kept talking about an expedition. He furnished Jupiter, the doctor and himself with spades, and insisted they follow him on an expedition. To humor him, the doctor agreed.

They traveled through wild country for many miles, at last stopping before a large tulip-tree. To Jupiter's amazement, his master ordered him to climb it, carrying the gold bug on a string in his hand! Wide-eyed with terror, Jupiter took the gold bug and clambered up.

Following Legrand's direction, Jupiter climbed out on a limb until he came to something that made him stop short—a human skull!

But following instructions, Jupiter let the gold bug on a string fall through the left eye of the skull to the ground, which point was hastily marked by Legrand. Then he made some rapid measurements, and ordered them all to start digging.

They must have dug for an hour and a half before they came upon a couple of skeletons and a few gold and silver coins. After that, digging began in earnest, and they uncovered at last, the thing that Legrand had been seeking—a wooden treasure-box such as the pirates used! It was filled with gold coins and gleaming jewels!

At last the treasure was safe in Legrand's hut, and the men figured up its value—a million and a half dollars!

The doctor was impatient for an explanation.

Legrand told him of the parchment he had found and the skull-head drawn in a special kind of ink made visible only by heat. By cleaning the parchment and holding it for hours over the fire, Legrand had discerned the signature of Captain Kidd at the bottom of the parchment, and a message in code—which he painstakingly deciphered—telling where to find the treasure!

Legrand laughed in great spirits. A million and a half dollars—and all because of a little gold bug!

THE END

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YOUNG  
AMERICA'S  
HERO!

# CLIFF CROSBY

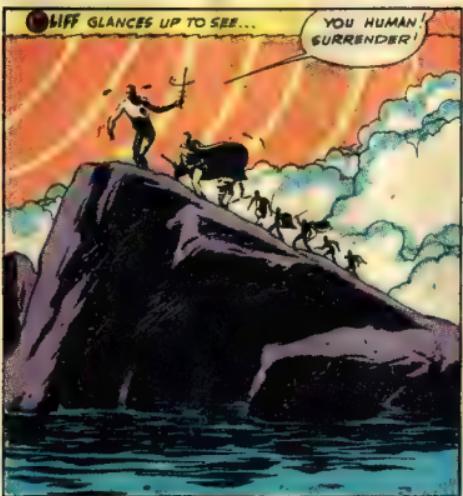
CHAD.

CLIFF CROSBY IS ABOARD  
A STEAMER BOUND FOR THE  
DUTCH WEST INDIES WHEN IT  
RUNS INTO A SUBMERGED  
REEF... ALL PERSONS ABOARD  
ARE LOST WITH THE EXCEPTION  
OF CLIFF, WHO FINDS HIMSELF  
ON THE ROCKY BEACH OF THIS  
UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE  
FOAMING ATLANTIC.....

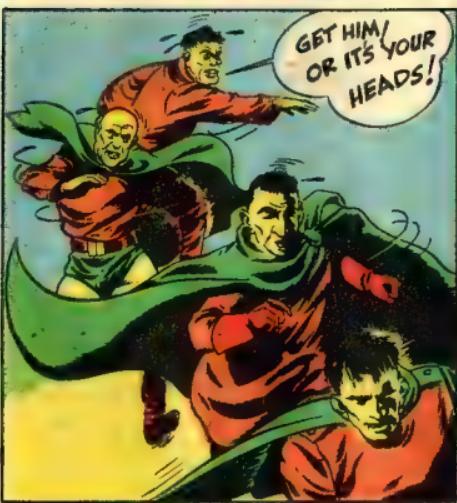
WELL, CROSBY,  
LET'S GANDER ABOUT  
AND SEE —

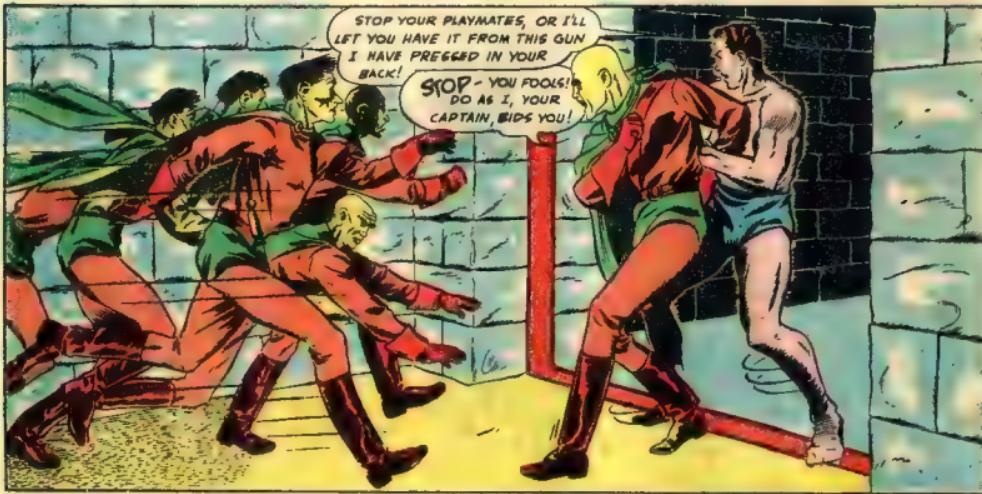
- GOOD  
HEAVENS!

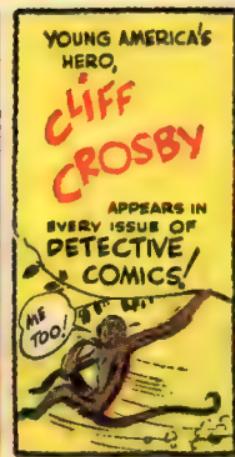
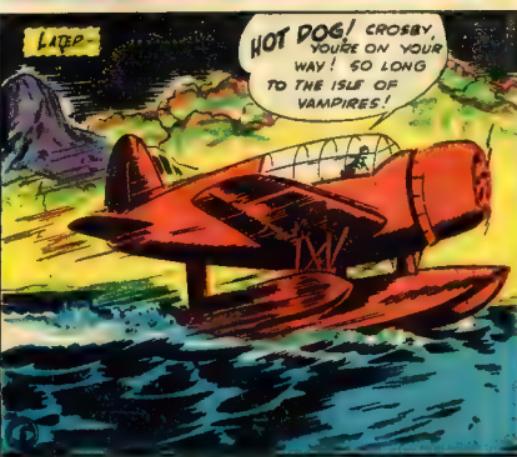
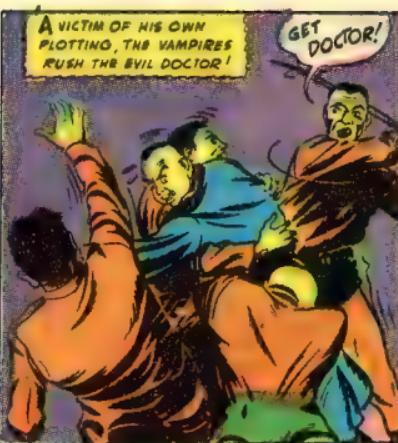
BEWARE  
INTRUDERS!  
DR. BANZOR











# SLAM

## BRADLEY

by JERRY SIEGEL  
AND HOWARD SHERMAN



X761

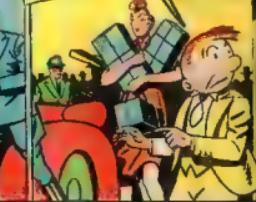
AFTER A HALF-DAY SPENT IN SHOPPING FOR NEW SUITS, PRIVATE DETECTIVE SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS PAL SHORTY MORGAN ARE JUST LEAVING A DEPARTMENT STORE WHEN THEY SEE---

wow

HEY, SLAM.  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
WRONG THERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT.  
IT'S AN  
ATTEMPTED  
KIDNAPPING!

COLBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE



UNHAND THAT  
GAL, YOU  
VARMIN!

NICE WORK,  
SHORTY. HERE,  
LET ME  
HELP YOU!

BUT AS A POLICEMAN APPROACHES, THE  
TWO MEN DISAPPEAR IN THE CROWD...

WHAT'S GOING?  
OH, IT'S YOU, SLAM!  
HELLO, SHORTY.

I WAS JUST  
GOING TO ASK  
THIS YOUNG LADY  
SAY, SHE'S  
DISAPPEARED--!

NOW, LISTEN,  
SLAM, QUIT  
KIDDING ME.

HONEST, THEY  
TRIED TO SNATCH  
HER.

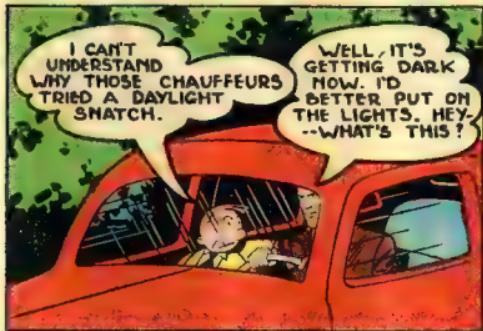
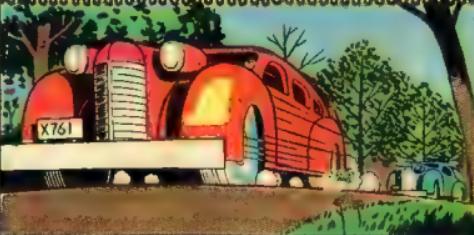
WHEW! HERC  
IS THE  
REGISTRATION.  
LOOK-A THIS!

H.W. ERICH, THE TEN  
AND TWENTY STORE MAGNATE!  
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS  
DAUGHTER. SAY, THIS IS  
REALLY SOMETHING. I'D  
LIKE TO GET TO  
THE BOTTOM  
OF THIS.





FOLLOWING THE ADDRESS GIVEN, SLAM AND SHORTY SPEED ALONG COUNTRY ROADS TO THE ERICH ESTATE, UNAWARE THAT A CAR KEEPS CLOSE BY...



SUDDENLY THE BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS OF AN APPROACHING CAR BLIND SLAM!

HEY! WHO'S THAT FOOL?

LOOK OUT-- HE'S THROWING SOMETHING!

AND THE NEXT MOMENT A TEAR GAS BOMB CAUSES SLAM TO RELEASE HIS CAPTIVES.

QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

JUST WAIT TILL I POKE THIS MOLECKE!

GET IN, YOU FOOLS! IT'S A GOOD THING I FOLLOWED, SOMEBODY'LL PAY FOR THIS BUNGLING!

MEANWHILE SLAM AND SHORTY MANAGE TO CLEAR THEIR EYES!

OUCH, THIS STUFF STILL SMARTS.

NOT AS MUCH AS THOSE GUYS WILL IF I EVER CATCH THEM. COME ON, LET'S GET GOING.

THE ERICH ESTATE! WHAT A LAYOUT!

SUDDENLY A SHOT CRASHES INTO THE CAR WINDSHIELD!

DUCK, SHORTY! WE'RE BEING SHOT AT!

YEAH---AND TAKE A LOOK AT THAT! IT'S HER!

DON'T, BILLINGS! WHY DID YOU SHOOT WITHOUT INVESTIGATING?

WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. HEY--WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT?

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, OR I'LL DRILL YOU.

PUT DOWN THAT GUN UNTIL YOU LEARN TO HANDLE IT!

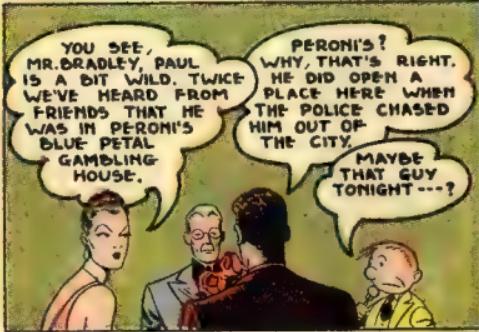
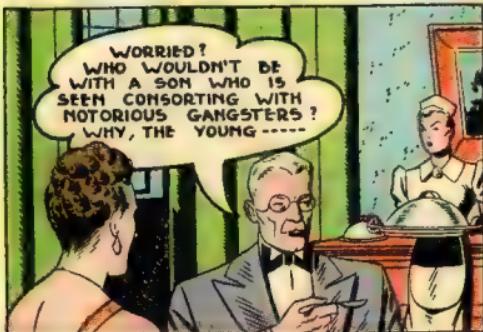
WHY--WHY YOU'RE THE MEN WHO HELPED ME!



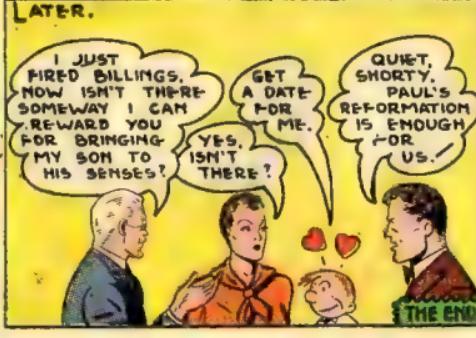
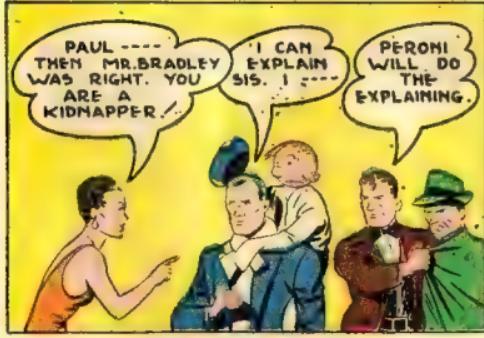
IN THE HOUSE, SLAM AND SHORTY MEET MILLIONAIRE ERICH.











# HERE IT IS—BETTER THAN EVER!

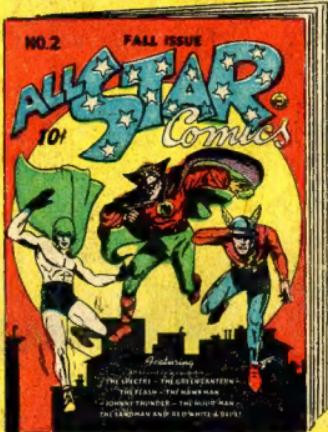
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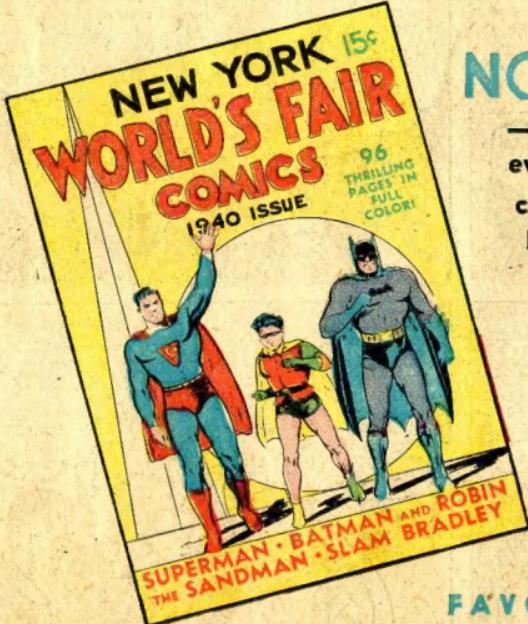


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Plated Parts • Comes  
Fully Equipped

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with  
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inch  
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ABOUT  
SIZE OF DIME

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Lovely Little Watch or Cash Commission. THIS Watch or  
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# READY

THE SENSATIONAL NEW DAISY

1000-SHOT

# RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., NEW YORK

*cowboy*  
**CARBINE**

16 INCH LEATHER  
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Pardner!"

WESTERN  
CARBINE  
RING

"The first article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru' the Ring and tie the other end to my saddle horn so it won't fall from th' ground if she slides outta my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a b'a'er!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for shot. Aim thru' the small notch target mark . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLD-EN-COLORED to remind yuh of the Golden West!"

GOLDEN-  
BANDED  
BARREL!

"These glistery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle on' fore-piece look mighty purty . . . kinda like th' real gold I used to see in the old West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER  
INVENTION!

"Twist 'em th' magazine—pour in 1000 shots in 20 seconds, then shoot 1600 times without re-loadin' once!"

MY BRAND  
ON STOCK!

"Look! Just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on' face branded on th' stock!"—RED RYDER

The Popular 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE	
Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine, with Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH REAR SIGHT. Get THIS 500-SHOT beauty for \$15.00 at Dealers or directly from Daisy.	[Duty added in Canada.]
Double Barrel 100-Shot Re-loader, each \$5.00	
Single Shot Re-loader, each \$4.50	
Buck Jones Special, a 40-shot hard-hitting outboard \$3.50	
Big JUMBO TUBE—5¢	

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

Buy genuine Daisy-made "Cheese-Sheen" steel Balls Eye Shot—for accurate shooting in Daisy and King Air Rifles. Best. At your Dealer.

FREE  
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Pictures all Daisy from \$1 to \$100. Catalog even—with your free copy now! on page card!

"SAYS  
LITTLE BEAVER  
RED RYDER'S  
NAVAJO  
PAL"

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 6610 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

# THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)  
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN